What If? (T)

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Summary: What if Robin had never lost his memory? What if he had held his allegiance with Plegia? Beaten and taken prisoner, Robin is offered a chance to betray and destroy the people he hates the most. Though he's destined to be the bringer of end times, Robin finds a reason he wants the world to see another day. Now he'll do everything he can to save it. Censored version of another fic.

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

What If: Robin Had Sided With Plegia?

Alternate T version of a fic I'm writing. I got strangely attached to the plot I've been developing and wanted to make it more accessible for people not into M rated fics. I'll be working on catching this up to the other version and posted on both regularly I hope.

Takes place two years after the death of Emmeryn and Gangrel. Note this world is very different from the one in Awakening. This is called "What if" after all.

Robin didn't understand. He was supposed to be dead. Maybe the blurry light was his entrance into the afterlife, though he had assumed he was always meant for Hell. It hurt to move. It hurt to not move. He was broken and bloody. He could feel blood dripping down his forehead. He was trying to remember… what had happened? How had he gotten into this state? He was a strong leader, he almost thought himself to be immortal. If God were to try and strike him down, he'd sure not go without a fight.

There was clatter, something was coming towards him. Robin managed to come enough to his grips to assume he was in fact still alive, but he still had little idea what was going on. He was starting to feel beyond the pain tearing through his body. He was lying down, the surface he was on was hard and cold. He cursed his vision as he struggled to see. The only thing he could notice was light coming from a single square, which he imagined was a window.

"*This way, My lord."*

"Gods above, Fredrick, you left him like that?"

"I am sorry, there has been little time for-"

"Get Lissa or Maribelle or, or someone who can heal him a little."

There were rapid footsteps from which Robin imagined was this 'Fredrick' jogging away. Robin was blinking furiously as he tried to clear his vision. What was happening? It was frustrating he didn't know. *What was happening?*

Now he felt like he was being watched. Robin always knew when he was being watched. It was an ability inherited from the lifestyle he lived. He took in a breath. Gods. Even **that** hurt. "W-w-who-…?" was all he managed to get out because being abruptly interrupted by a bloody cough.

"Poor, dastard. Had what was coming to you… but still…"

Robin could only continue to cough. The voice was deep and rather calming, though it was laced with weariness. What the hell was happening? He closed his eyes, forgetting his sight and gathering his thoughts. What had happened before?

*"Chrom… don't you think we should attend to our **actual soldiers** first?"* A more feminine voice echoed.

There was clanging of metal as it sounded like a door was unlocked. Robin knew the name Chrom, to famed Exalt of Ylisse. But what was he doing here?

"We don't know how long he can hold in this state," the deep voice, which Robin assumed was Chrom, stated. *"The merchant really messed him up."*

The merchant!

Now Robin remembered. He had to get up, but his body wasn't responding. He had to find a way out, but there was surely no getting out of this one. His thoughts were interrupted as a door swung open.

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"Don't worry, he's far too hurt to harm you."

There were footsteps, Robin tried to open his eyes again to see three figures standing over him. "Oh… he is in bad shape…" One stated, the feminine voice. "I'll work on him for a little bit."

There was another voice Robin had never heard before in the distance. "Chrom, your wife is calling for you."

"Frederick," one figure turned to the other. "Would you interrogate this man if I do not return before this is over?"

The other figure bowed. "Yes m'lord."

Robin began to feel warm over his body, waves of relief shot through his veins. He knew this feeling. He knew it from anywhere. There was a heal staff working on him. He hadn't realized how tense he was until his muscles started to relax. With the pain slowly easing away, he slowly began to slip out of consciousness.

"Oh… it's you again."

Robin found himself facing off against an angry redheaded woman. In her hand was a Levin Sword, which sparked and tingled with electricity. "I see you have a new toy," he chuckled. "That's adorable."

"You bastard…" the woman growled, charging at him at full speed. She swung her sword sending bolts of lightning in his direction, but Robin easily dodged.

"Please," he began charging up a tome. "What makes you think this won't end like it did last ti-" he was cut short as his tome was knocked out of his hand.

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Robin's eyes widened to find he had lost sight of the woman before hearing her shout above him. He looked up just in time to see her sword come down to strike him and-

"GAH!"

The man shot up from bed into a sitting position. He could finally see clearly, but now the room was dark. Light no longer leaked through the window and the only thing lighting his surroundings was a single candle stick.

"You're awake."

Robin looked in the direction of the voice. He was surprised to see none other than the Exalt himself sitting in a chair in the other side of iron bars. Though too dark to see much. The distinguishable blue hair glistened from the moonlight coming through the barred window. The man had the hint of dark circles under his eyes, his eye lids drooped tiredly. If Robin had to guess it must have been pretty late at night. Surely someone as important as Chrom wouldn't spend his night waiting for a prisoner of war to wake up.

"Where am I." Robin stated. His tone implying he was asking for an answer but rather he was demanding one. Chrom stood up from his seat gesturing towards the window.

"You're in one of Yisse's forts," the man replied. "One of our soldiers hurt you pretty badly." Chrom wrapped his hands around the bars. "A lot of us wanted to leave you to die but I saw an opportunity."

Robin rolled his eyes. Great, now he was a bargaining chip. There was no other position that could be more shameful. A sigh escaped his lungs as he silently wished they had left him to die. Gods know whatever punishment awaited him back home would be far worse.

"I wanted to ask for your cooperation."

"Eh?" Robin raised a brow. "You what?"

Chrom chuckled, his gaze turning towards the ground. "I've heard a lot about you. You're smart, you know how to win any fight. But I know you have plenty of reasons to hate the people back in Plegia as well, perhaps even more then us."

He wasn't wrong. Robin hated his family and comrades back home more than anything. He of course had his reasons to fight alongside them but driving a sword through the king's heart would certainly fill Robin with joy. Their king was truly insane, in all honesty killing him would be doing Plegia a favor.

"Gangrel was mad, but I hear your new king is causing Plegia to crumble," Chrom informed him. "If we can stop him, maybe it would benefit us both."

Damn it, he was right. Robin wanted to kick himself. He couldn't believe he was even considering joining his enemy. "How do you know I won't just stab you when you're not looking," he said with a smirk. Chrom smiled and shook his head.

"There is no doubt that in my mind Frederick would kill you first," he told him. "Nothing gets past him." A serious expression spread across Chrom's face. "Though I warn you, this is your only chance. And even so you'll have to prove yourself to win the favor of the others. Anna already wants to kill you."

If there were anyone I would take out first, it would be her. Robin thought to himself. "What would I do?" He asked. "Fight on the battlefield?"

Chrom shook his head with a chuckle. Robin wasn't really surprised. They wouldn't let him anywhere near a weapon for a good while. "Word has spread about your skills in tactics," the exalt said. "I think we could use them."

It was an interesting offer. Ylisse was known for their strong soldiers and that on its own was making the offer tempting. "That's still risky position to put me in," Robin said. "I could send your army to their deaths."

Chrom again shook his head. "You'll be supervised, we have other's you'll work with. Believe it or not we're aren't completely idiotic."

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Chrom turned his back to the cell. "You have until tomorrow morning to make up your mind," he stated. "Otherwise I agreed to let the redhead who brought you here finish her business with you."

With Robin giving no verbal response, Chrom took his leave.

"How long will we be going tonight, Queen Sumia?"

Sumia thought for a moment. She found herself lying on her back in bed. The room was dark but she was warmed by the embrace of another. She wanted just lie there and kiss forever, but knew it would be better to play it safe. Despite this she reached out and kissed her lover's lips for a few moments instead of answering. Her hands moved across her other's hips as her tongue flickered from her lips. "I… I suppose we should stop…" She sighed. "I don't know how soon Chrom plans to return here tonight."

There was a sigh of disappointment from the other, a warm sigh Sumia could feel brushing against her skin. The queen took hold of the other's head as they kissed, hoping maybe her doing so my make it last just a bit longer. But all too soon it was over, and with a final kiss goodbye, her lover slipped away, leaving the bed much colder. Sumia sighed and rolled over in bed. From there she patiently awaited her husbands return. Perhaps tonight he'd show her some attention, but Chrom had been so tired from his duties as of late he always returned and fell straight to sleep. Sumia imagined tonight would be no different. Time slowly passed and eventually Chrom's footsteps could be heard as he entered the room. It was of course, too dark to see.

"Darling?" He whispered gently as he sat down on the side of the bed. He pulled his shirt off and tossed it in the floor.

"Yes, my love?" Sumia asked as he slipped under the covers. Her lips curled into a smile as Chrom wrapped an arm around her.

Sumia smiled and touched the tip of his nose. "I've been waiting for you," she hummed. Chrom let out a tired sigh though, causing the woman's heart to sink.

"I'm sorry, darling," he grunted as he made himself comfortable. He pulled her in closer. "I'm so tired. I'm ready to sleep"

How predictable.

Next: What If: There Was a Royal Scandal

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

What If: There Was a Royal Scandal?

I'm not sure how clearly I am writing this. If there's any confusion, tell me and I'll explain and try to clear it up in the chapter.

"You dare defy me, boy!?" a hand swept across a table, knocking it's contents on the floor. As the clatter settled, Robin could feel the stern eyes burning holes through him. "You think this is a game?"

The Mad King Gangrel was… well… mad. Robin wasn't really afraid of him, but the man's enragement was an annoyance none the less.

"Bring me the girl."

Robin's eyes widened, he stepped forward and called out to stop him but a guard grabbed him and held him back. Robin continued to plead as a young female dark mage was led into the room. Gangrel snarled at her, holding out a hand as another guard placed a whip in his hand. With a flick of the wrist the whip cracked on the ground, causing the poor girl to jump.

"Don't hurt her!" Robin begged. "I'll take it!"

Gangrel cracked the whip again. "You should have though things through a bit better, boy." The whip cracked again, striking the girl and sending her falling to her knees with a cry. "Feel that? You can thank your boyfriend for it!"

Robin cried out again, fighting and struggling to free himself from the grasp of the guard. He gritted his teeth as the girl was struck again. He slipped from his grip and charged Gangrel, but was thrown on his back as the king delivered a heavy kick to the stomach, knocking the wind out of him. He fell limp beside the girl, who was whimpering and crying.

"Tharja…" Robin groaned. She cried out in pain at another crack of the whip. "I'm… so… sorry…"

Crack!

Robin's eyes fluttered open. He was still in his cell. On the other side of the bars he could see a man in green armor with brown hair standing with his back facing the cell. Robin stood up, he still hurt but at least he could manage to stand.

"Hey…"

The man guarding the cell turned around.

"Go tell Chrom I've made my decision."

"You can't do this!"

"Last I checked, I was in charge. Technically I can."

"This isn't justice!"

"Perhaps, but we can use him."

A redhead with a large ponytail slammed her hands down on Chrom's desk. "How can you even think of trusting him!?" The two of them were in Chrom's tent. Chrom sat at his desk as Anna paced the room angrily.

"Anna,' Chrom ran his hand through his hair. " I understand where you're coming from. I know how badly he hurt you. But you got your fair share of payback-"

"I almost died!" she cut him off.

"And yet, here you are," Chrom said with a smile. With that he waved her off. "This isn't your concern any more, now if you'll excuse me, I have Exalt things to do." Though she wanted to ramble more, Anna stormed off, leaving Chrom to sift through some papers. After a few moments, Frederick stepped into the tent. Chrom didn't have to hear anything aloud to know that Frederick thought he was making a poor choice.

Frederick didn't have to ask why he did what he did. He already knew the answer. Chrom simply wanted to follow his late sister's example. She was always so forgiving, no matter how terrible the circumstances. Besides, Frederick knew better than to ask questions. If Chrom set his mind to something there was little chance of changing it.

"Shall I arrange a proper bed for him?" Frederick asked.

Chrom nodded. "Yes… give him his own tent in fact, it would probably be best to keep him away from the others. I want to keep this under wraps."

Frederick bowed and agreed before leaving.

On the opposite side of the fort, Anna rummaged through her shop. With the sun having set not too long ago she had to hold a lantern in one hand to see what she was doing. She needed something small and sharp, and she knew she sold something that would fit the bill but the darkness made everything harder.

"Ah." the light of the lantern illuminated a small knife, easy to miss among all the other swords and weapons. She swiped it up and blew out the candle before leaving the shop. Though she was anxious to reach her destination, she was careful to keep her pace slow as to not draw attention. Soon the cells came into view. There was very obviously only one occupant, but Chrom had still assigned his knight, Stahl, to keep watch.

Though as the merchant predicted, Stahl was slumped over against the wall and fast asleep. The keys to the cell laid on the ground a few inches from him. This was too easy, she wasn't even going to have to pick the lock. Anna was almost sure the gods above were asking her to do this. Picking up the keys quietly, she slipped over to the cell that held Robin. She fumbled with the keys for several seconds as she figured out which key would match the cell door before she unlocked it and silently let herself in.

Her target appeared to be sleep on the cot every cell had, his back facing her. This would be quick and silent. The dagger would go through the heart and Anna would leave. She would take her things and leave the fort in the night, hopefully never to be seen again. Quick, simple, silent, it was almost a shame that the man wouldn't experience a long, painful death. But this was the way the merchant would have to handle it, lest she get in trouble. It would be especially easy to slip away seeing as her sisters all looked the same as-

Her thoughts were cut short as the knife was smacked from her hand and sent across the room. The supposedly sleeping Robin sprang from his bed and tackled the woman to the ground. "Back stabbing coward," he grunted as they rolled on the ground.

"Traitorous dastard," Anna retorted. She was surprised how strong Robin was, he certainly didn't look it. But Robin was having no easy time wrestling her. His still healing body screamed in pain. With a final push he threw her to the side and scrambled for the knife, quickly grabbing it and going into a defensive pose.

Anna hadn't thought this through. She thought for sure this would go smoothly and now she had no weapon, but she was surprised Robin hadn't already struck her down.

"Get out."

The merchant looked at him with confusion. "Get out." He repeated, waving the knife towards the door.

"I-"

"If you don't leave this instant I will wake up that useless guard and you'll get your ass handed to you for busting in here."

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Not taking her gaze off him, Anna slowly crept out of the cell, closing the door as she did. Robin tossed the knife out the window, Anna would have to exit the fort to retrieve it. The merchant hurried away, dropping the keys by Stahl before rounding the corner of a tent and falling to her knees and gasping. She had been holding her breath. She had thought she was a dead woman. Robin could have killed her here and there and she knew how ruthless he could be. She could only thank her lucky stars she was still alive.

Sumia found herself in her quiet place: the stalls with her pegasus. Passing the time away she carefully brushed its mane. She found she needed these moments often, to be alone and able to collect her thoughts. She had a lot of things on her mind after all.

She jumped slightly as two hands place themselves on her hips before they slid forward, fingers intertwined at the belly.

"Hey there, love."

Sumia's lips curled into a smile as she turned around in the embrace. "Hello, darling," she hummed. Her index finger began to twirl about her her lover's long hair, the red strands wrapping around her index finger.

"I thought I might find you here," she was told. "It's not fit for a queen to take care of her own Pegasus."

"Oh hush, Cordelia," her quieted her lover down with her lips. It was slow and gentle. Sumia closed her eyes to take in the sweet flavor of the redhead's lips.

"Oh," Cordelia smirked as they parted. Making a light popping noise with her lips. "Did you use new lipstick?"

The queen nuzzled the tip of her nose against her other's. "Maybe," she giggled. "Do you like it?"

Cordelia unwrapped her hands around Sumia and cupped her cheeks in her hands. "I'm not sure, let me try it again." With that she pressed her lips against her queen's. This time the kiss was deeper, more aggressive. Cordelia began to push, and Sumia began to step back. Either Sumia would be pressed up against the wall or she would trip and fall to the ground, either way Cordelia was willing to work with.

Surprisingly the former happened first. Has Sumia's back bumped the wooden walls of the stable.

"Cordelia, wait," Sumia panted. "What if someone sees?"

The Pegasus knight smiled, running her fingers through Sumia's hair. "No one comes out here. It's just you, me, and the horses."

Cordelia began to tenderly kiss Sumia's neck and collarbone. The closed her eyes and tilted her head up as she enjoyed the tickling sensation. SHe was quick to surrender herself to the redhead. But soon she found her lips were itching for something to do and she grabbed Cordelia's head, and swiftly went for the mouth. The two girls kissed tenderly for several moments, Sumia gently bit down on Coredlia's bottom lip as the other pulled away.

"Mmmm," Cordelia hummed. "You're not bad." The queen smiled, her knight always told her that, despite her clumsy kisses. She attempted to lean forward and kiss Cordelia again but stumbled and fell forward, knocking herself and Cordelia into a stack of hay.

Sumia blushed and apologized frantically but stopped as an index finger pressed against her lips. "Please… keep going, my queen."

That sent shivers down Sumia's spine. "W-who am I?"

"My queen."

Sumia began to kiss her more vigorously, feeling rather invigorated by the sudden sense of dominance. Cordelia clearly was not used to this aggression from the clumsy brunette. The girl squirmed underneath her. She had never seen the woman like this before. She had never shown this much initiative.

"Ooooh your majesty…" The red head breathed between kisses. Sumia's lips parted and Cordelia began to slip in her tongue and-

"What in tarnations?"

Their skin went pale as both Sumia and Cordelia looked up to see a young boy with curly, purple hair and a pot on his head. He looked down at them with surprise. The bucket he held in his hand slipped from his grasp and hit the floor with a clang. "G-g-golly, I was- I didn't mean-" he stammered, his face flushed red more and more red at the sight of the married queen on top of Cordelia in a situation that clearly was not an accident "The stable- the horses- I didn't know-"

"Donnel…" Cordelia said in a hushed tone, "C-calm down."

The farm boy's eyes were dashing in every direction. He wanted to run but he felt frozen in place. "Does Chrom… know a-about… bout-"

"Donnel, you mustn't tell anyone…"

"He don't know!?" Donnel quickly covered his hand with his mouth. "Y-you gotta tell'm."

"Donnel, you mustn't," Sumia begged, her eyes already watering. "It would create an uproar."

"If word got out, it would be a humiliation to all of us… Chrom included," Cordelia reasoned.

"Cordelia could be punished, or sentenced to death," Sumia added, tears streaming down her cheeks. "P-please…"

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Donnel finally found the will to move and dashed out of the barn. "Damn it," Cordelia grunted. She slipped out form under Sumia and sprang to her feet before dashing out of the barn. But Cordelia was no runner, Sumia knew that much. Catching a spry boy like Donnel would be no easy task. So she too leapt up to her feet to give the chase. She could only hope she would trip and fall.

But as she stepped outside, she stopped. Cordelia was only a few paces ahead of her. Donnel was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh no."

Anna crouched in the shadows, watching a particular tent. Since the previous night, Robin had been removed from his cell and was now staying in a small tent. It wasn't very big, there was about enough room for a cot and a place to stand. The tent was of course still under watch, if "under watch" meant Stahl once again passed out in the grass several yards away. That troublesome bastard could easily slip out. Though he hadn't, and Anna could only wonder why. So with that she broke into a silent trot to the tent.

It was dark inside, no doubt. Anna would have no way of telling if Robin was awake or asleep. At least not initially as her eyes adjusted to the dark.

"Please don't tell me you're here to kill me again."

Anna smiled and threw her hands up in the air. "Ha, no," she responded. She slipped into the tent, Robin was standing by his bed, holding a now lit lantern.

"Then go away," He ordered, never breaking his eye contact with the woman.

Anna smirked and put her index finger to her lips. "So I can stay if I'm trying to kill you?" she asked slyly, taking a step closer towards the man.

"At that pointing asking wouldn't do any good," Robin said, giving her a motioning wave to leave. "I'm very busy, leave me be," he turned his back to her. Anna reached out and grabbed his hand, pulling to have him face towards her again.

"Busy doing what?" She asked knowingly. "You have a cot and a lamp."

"Yes and I was busy enjoying you not being here with me, so leave." His tone was mocking. Anna's brow furrow, her cheeks puffing into a pout.

"You certainly know how to make a girl feel wanted," she told him. He faced her fully and began to retort but stopped short as the redhead pushed herself up against him. "Maybe I could teach you a thing or two," her index finger began to circle his chest.

Robin did a double take. "Woman, what are you-!?"

"Shh shh shh shh shh," she hushed him, putting an index finger to his lips. "Just let it happen," she told him, placing a hand on his hip.

"Why in the hell-?"

"Such a big, attractive man with big strong muscles," Anna again interrupted him again. She ran her hand down his torso before placing it on his opposite hip. "How can a lady not be drawn?" She noticed that the man was no longer resisting. She let one hand fall lazily to her side as the other hand cupped his chin.

As she leaned towards him, Robin noticed a flash from the corner of his eye. He grit his teeth and gave Anna a heavy shove, knocking her off her feet and causing her to tumble out of the tent. In the faint moonlight a knife could see in her hand.

"You think I'm stupid?" Robin growled, standing in the entrance of the tent. "I've lived with the most dastardly and sly every day of my life! You don't think I can't see through your childish tricks?" He snatched up his lantern and blew it out, the

inside of the tent one again going dark. "I have battle plans to work on tomorrow and would like to rest. I suggest you leave before I wake up the guard and inform him of the trouble you're causing me!"

Anna laid there looking at Robin for a moment. With nothing else to say he backed up into the darkness and closed the flap of his tent. That was a first. Every man before him had fallen for the merchant's charm. As a sales woman that was her specialty. She glanced over at Stahl to see he indeed was still asleep.

With a sigh, she stood up. She looked at the knife in her hands before she threw it down. It landed wedged in the earth, standing on the blade just in front of Robin's door. Maybe it was time she gave up trying to kill him, and get him some other way.

Next: What If: Violence Wasn't the Answer to Everything?

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

What if: Violence Wasn't the Answer to Everything?

Chrom's gaze shifted upwards from his desk to see Frederick stepping into the tent. He was sweating and tired, clearly having just returned from battle. Though this was not much of a surprise. The Exalt raised a brow as the man stopped to stand before him, giving a slight bow and greeting Chrom politely.

"Well?" Chrom asked, knowing good and well his knight had something to report.

"It went… quite smoothly, better than usual" Frederick explained. "The tactician's strategy worked quite in our favor in the end."

Robin had been assigned his first task as tactician. Chrom had been waiting some time for a report on a Risen attack, and at the first he heard, he assigned Robin the task of forming a battle strategy and to kill them and keep everyone safe. It was a test run, of course. Chrom had extra reinforcements just in case Robin's plan went horribly wrong or the tactician sprung some sort of trap.

"Well, it's good to know he's competent," Chrom said, nodding his head in approval. "Now if only we could trust him…"

Frederick closed his eyes and let out a long sigh. "Yes m'lord, and about that," he had a serious expression on his face. There was no way this could be good. "We specifically made it clear not to tell the soldiers about his involvement, if I'm not mistaken?"

Chrom nodded, his brow now furrowed with slight confusion. He was about to ask what could be wrong when an angry voice outside the tent shouted his name.

"**Chrom**!" An angry blonde stormed in. There was fire in her eyes and her face was beet red. "I'm not one to use fowl language, but you are low-life bastard!"

"M-Maribelle," another blonde with two bouncy pigtails stammered, following after the other and grabbing her arm. "Everything went fine! There were hardly any injuries, we got the job done-"

"Lissa. Darling. This man left our lives in the hands of-of a monster!" Maribelle exclaimed, pointing an accusing finger at Chrom. "What if something had happened to you? That poor excuse of a human being couldn't possibly have a care in the world for you safety!"

"Maribelle, I can assure you that-" Chrom tried to explain to her that she was never in any real danger, but her was quickly cut out by more rambling. Lissa, trying to calm her friend down, led her out of the tent, but the woman's upset voice could be heard fading into the distance as they made their way away from the tent.

Chrom turned to Frederick, his brow still furrowed, but his eyes were glazed over in thought. "How did they know?" he asked, but Frederick had no answer.

"I do not know, m'lord," he stated. "The only ones who knew about this were you and I. Someone else must have figured it out."

"And then I socked him across the jaw!" Anna exclaimed, throwing her fists through the air. Her voice rang about the mess hall "He was practically begging to tell me what was going on when I was through with him!"

If there was one thing Anna would claim she was better at than making a sale, it was telling a tall tale. Lying and making up stories was so much easier if she made it flashy and dramatic. Nobody ever questioned her if she said ran her mouth confidently enough. Though for once she didn't have her viewer at the edge of his seat.

Donnel lazily poked at the vegetables on his plate, sitting across form Anna. He normally was very good about eating his vegetables. His ma had taught him to be. Anna tilted her head and put her index finger to her chin. The farm boy's mind was clearly else wear.

Anna was almost tempted to just get up in leave, though it was so unusual to see Donnel like so. "Are you alright?" she asked, it almost sounded like she was concerned.

"Golly, I'm sorry, Anna," the boy responded, scratching his forehead under the pot that rested on his purple hair. "Just got

a lot of things on m' mind."

Anna snorted in amusement. "What could a farm boy like yourself possibly be keeping all cluttered up in that brain of your's?" she asked. Donnel wasn't paying enough attention to actually be insulted by what she had implied.

Donnel sighed, holding up a slice of carrot to his eye level. "Moral ambiguity, I reckon," he responded, clearly only half in the conversation.

"I'm surprised you even know what ambiguity means," she commented, again the comment went over his head. Donnel was no fun to mess with. "But hey, you know a good way to keep your mind off things?"

Donnel looked at her, appearing to be at least a little curious. "What might that be?" he asked.

Anna flashed a toothy grin. "Shopping! Blowing away all your money!" she jumped up from her seat. "I'll go open my shop for you right now-"

"Naw," Donnel responded, finally popping the carrot in his mouth. "That's awfully nice of ya t'offer though, thanks." Anna pouted, though she knew she couldn't be too upset. It was more than likely Donnel didn't have much money to spend anyways. After all, he wore a pot on his head.

Deciding she should take her leave, Anna left the mess hall. Donnel was now all by himself. Though the moment of solitude only lasted a few moments before someone else sat across from him. He looked up to see Cordelia, jumping with a start and falling from his seat. He should have known better. This time had to come eventually. It wasn't like Donnel had many places to run.

"Oh boy…" the farm boy groaned.

Cordelia gave him a soft smile. "Either you haven't told Chrom yet, or he's waiting for the opportune moment to kill me," she said softly.

"I ain't told no one," Donnel sighed, running his hand through his hair. "I reckon I couldn't decide for m'self." He drummed his fingers on the table anxiously.

Cordelia, unable to make eye-contact, shifted uncomfortably in her seat. "Thank you, Donnel," she said, gaze turned downward. She didn't really know what else to say, the the farm boy clearly had little to speak as well.

After a few quiet moments, the woman stood up, she turned to walk away when Donnel finally spoke, "I just…" he tired to begin. "I just wanted to fight… fer m' ma… for the farm… for everyone," he explained. "I want to help make the world a better place. 'Don't want nothing to do with them politics of royalty."

Cordelia looked over her shoulder. Donnel had pull his pot over his eyes. "You're a good person, Donnel," she told him. "I'm sorry you got involved…" she knew couldn't leave it at this. He was sparing her from a life of misery, or even death. She owed him something.

Turning back towards him awkwardly, her twiddled her thumbs. "If you… ever need something… just ask." She gave him a soft smile before taking her leave.

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"If ya ain't gonna tell Chrom... You should at least stop... Y'know... With the queen." Donnel called it her, causing the pegasus knight to stiffen.

With that Cordelia ran off, leaving Donnel once again all by himself.

"I wanted to congratulate you on your first successful assignment here."

Robin looked up from his book to see Chrom stepping into his tent. There wasn't really much room for him to stand, which he seemed to notice as his head rubbed against the top of the tent. The tactician closed his book and set the book down. "What do you want," he knew Chrom hadn't merely come here to tell him how amazing he was.

Chrom cleared his throat. "Now that you've taken the troops for a spin I was curious of your evaluation of them?" he informed him. "How do we fair against Plegia?"

Robin sighed, sitting on the side of his cot. "You're troops are strong, but you have few to spare," he commented. "Plegia

has you outnumbered, and they're willing to die to get the simplest jobs done."

The Exalt crossed his arms and scratched his head. "So we definitely need more troops," he sighed. Robin only nodded silently. Chrom turned around and began to exit the tent.

"Chrom," Robin muttered. The blue haired prince stopped, turning to look at him. "That blasted redhead has tried to kill me twice in the night. Do something about that. I'd much so like to sleep without having to worry I might wake up with a knife in my back."

The prince shook his head and blinked a few times. He seemed quite shocked by what he was hearing. He was almost sure Robin was simply making things up. "I'll… talk with her," he said. He turned around and exited the tent.

"Frederick!" Robin heard him shout from outside. "I think it's time we paid a visit to Ferox!"

"And then I socked him across the jaw!" Anna exclaimed, throwing her fists through the air. "He was practically begging to tell me what was going on when I was through with him!"

"Poor guy," laughed Stahl. He let out a yawn, clearly ready to flop down in the grass and nap.

Anna shook her head in disapproval. "I just can't believe Chrom would trust that monster," she told him. "Like, what kind of mindset is that."

Stahl plucked a blade of grass from the ground and twirled it around between his fingers. "What if he's right?"

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"What?" Anna asked after a moment of silence. Maybe she was only misunderstanding what Stahl meant, after all there was no way he could be agreeing that Robin was-

"All I'm saying is the guy got us through a fight in one piece," Stahl said, laying down in the grass and resting his head in his hands. "With barely even a scratch, no less."

Anna scoffed, already getting ready to get up in leave. "That's absurd," she denied. "He'd kill us all the second he got a chance."

Stahl let out a another yawn, closing his eyes and hoping that maybe the merchant would just leave him be. "Well he got us through this time, and expertly so," he noted. "I've never been in a battle that's gone that well."

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Stahl opened an eye. Anna was walking away. It made her so mad. How dare anyone praise him. After what he had done to her, nobody could ever speak fondly of him. He was cruel, and he was a monster. He had hurt her and now she… she…

She wanted to hurt him.

His tent wasn't far. She told herself she should stay away. Every time she lashed out at him it always backfired embarrassingly. He was just naturally skilled at fighting. For once Anna wished she hadn't used her time to learn how to get the best bargain and rather learned how to beat a scumbag to a pulp.

She was there. The tent stood before her. He was most likely on the other side. Chances were he already knew she was there. It was too late now. She was too mad. She threw aside the tent flap and stormed in. Robin was on his cot reading a book, and before a word could slip from his mouth she slapped him across the face.

"What the hell, woman!?" Robin exclaimed, standing up and rubbing his sore cheek. "Are you crazy!? Just leave me alone already!"

"I'm mad at you!" Anna shot back. *Wow*, she thought, *what a lame comeback*. "I'm pissed off and I decided to take it out on you!" She spat, Robin wiped his face with his sleeve. "But I'm still mad and that slap didn't feel as good as I thought it would!" Now she was just shouting for the sake of shouting.

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"Are you don-"

She slapped him again, it still didn't feel that great. Now Robin was beyond reasoning and slapped her back. "How **dare** you!" She exclaimed.

"Oh go to hell," Robin grumbled to her. "Gods know I've done far worse."

Now Anna wasn't thinking straight. She was blind with rage and so she reached out and grabbed Robin's hair, pulling on it as hard as she could. Robin grabbed her hair in response and the two tussled for a few moments. She bit his arm, so he bit her's in return. She gritted her teeth, clearly everything she did to him he just did back to her but harder. So she did the one thing she knew he couldn't hurt her with.

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Robin fell to his knees. Anna's rage shattered to pieces. She found herself standing before Robin, who fell to the ground holding his crotch. It wasn't the classiest move for her to kick there, but very effective.

"That's cheating..." Robin growled. He grunted and gritted as he curled up more. For once, the man was at her mercy. Anna couldn't help but feel her pride swelling.

It was in that moment, she didn't understand how, but she knew what she wanted. After all this man had done to her, after the physical and mental scarring, and the lack of justice for his actions, she didn't just want to hurt him, or even kill him for it. He was putty in her hands... and it felt good.

She crouched down, grabbing his hair again and twisting his head towards her. "I hope you don't have a wife at home," she whispered as she undid her belt, and evil smirk on her face.

"You don't have it in you," Robin thought for sure he was calling her bluff. But his uncertainty grew as she pulled her pants down slightly.

"Keep telling yourself that."

She let her pants fall to the floor. She leaned closer to him, causing him to lean away. He wanted nothing to do with her. He tried to move away from her but had little room to maneuver. Her tongue flickered from her lips for a moment before her roughly kissed Robin. The man grunted in resistance and displeasure. Maybe he did have a wife at home. Anna's lips curled into a sly smile. It was her turn to scar him for life

Minutes passed of kissing and seducing as Anna noticed the man giving in. Clever girl still had it, she wanted to pat herself on the back.

She reached for his belt.

Next: What If: Ferox had a Different Khan